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BRIEF COMMENTARIES ON
THE SUNDAY GOSPELS
SKILFULLY LINKED
TO THE MASS

These 59 sermonettes are about sin, death, imitation of Christ, courtesy, joy, Our Lady, heroism, human and divine love — all the big and little things of Catholic life. They appeared first in Father Delaney's weekly column, "The Word", in AMERICA in 1944.

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Protest on Poland. Signatures have been published to a memorial to President Truman on the "only principles which will remove the suspicion and fear of Russian policy which disturbs not only the peoples of Eastern Europe but the people of America." The list is imposing by the prominence of the signers and the great variety of views and conditions they represent: such as Messrs. Herbert Hoover and Alfred A. Landon, William Agar, the Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., Prof. R. A. MacIver, William Green, A. Philip Randolph, Hugh Gibson, John Dewey, Harry D. Gideonse, John Chamberlain, George Creel, etc. Five measures are proposed:

1. Release of the 16 Poles convicted in the recent trials.
2. Agreement on fair election laws.
3. Withdrawal of Russian troops from Poland before the election; or else joint occupation of Poland during that period.
4. Right of correspondents and representatives of charitable organizations to circulate freely in Poland and other Soviet-occupied countries.
5. Application of Yalta "concert" principles also to all other countries, e.g. Greece, where one Power is in dominant control because of recent military operations.

These proposals, backed by the logical reasoning of the memorial's text, are the minimum which may "inspire confidence in either the justice or the permanence of the Polish solution." An important reassurance on several of the above-mentioned points was given when, to Senator Vandenberg's queries, Acting Secretary Grew replied on July 19 that free elections are required by the Crimea pledge; that the United States Government will demand the right to supervise them "on equal basis with the other Powers" if this proves necessary, and that the State Department will continue its efforts to obtain permission for American correspondents to circulate freely in Poland and all other areas.

Terms for Japan. Whatever may have been the usefulness of the phrase "unconditional surrender" at the beginning of the United Nations' come-back in the European war, its continued use with regard to Japan becomes more and more an obstacle to early peace in the Pacific. First, it serves no good purpose otherwise unobtainable: we do not have to use it to convince our Allies of our determination to stick together with them; we do not have to use it to convince the Japanese that we mean to achieve the peace only on our own terms—our Navy and air fleets are bringing home that conviction. Second, not only does it serve no good purpose; it actually gives the Japanese a rallying point on many phases that may or may not be essential to the peace—does "unconditional surrender" mean, for example, that we are determined to wipe out Shintoism, the national religion? There are signs that Japanese morale is cracking, however slightly; the mass surrender on Okinawa has been taken to indicate that; the recently quoted editorial in the Tokyo *Yomiuri Hochi*, criticizing Japan's war leaders for their "blunders," was an amazingly outspoken piece of free speech, and adds another bit of evidence that there is division in Japan itself. It would be smart policy to widen these rifts further by reiterating the concrete demands made at Cairo. Let that statement be as severe as must be; let us demand the abolition of all military forces, the withdrawal from all conquered territories since, and including, Manchuria, the

ceding of island bases, the most stringent curtailment of heavy industry—but let the demands be again specific. President Truman, to be sure, has once explained what "unconditional surrender" does not mean for the Japanese; now seems to be the time to explain, over and over again, what it actually *does* mean. We are convinced that there is nothing to be lost by such a policy; we are further convinced that there is much to be gained—in the lives of our own fighting men, and in the lives of millions of Japanese whose fate beneath our Superfortress wings is otherwise certain and horrible. If the yielding of a now useless phrase will spare those lives, the very ideals for which we profess to fight dictate that we yield the mere phrase, "unconditional surrender," and emphasize our specific demands.

Spanish Tragedy Continued. In a speech delivered to the Spanish nation on July 17, General Franco reviewed the benefits which his regime has conferred upon Spain, and promised that the spirit of the Falange will continue to inform the Government, both during and after the transition to "the traditional monarchy." The exact meaning of this last phrase was left vague, no doubt by deliberate intent, since Don Juan, the heir of the Spanish Bourbons, has publicly declared he would never reign over a Falangist regime. On the whole, Franco's speech was a bitter disappointment to Spaniards and to friends of Spain in other countries. While it is true that Franco can point to benefits conferred by his regime upon Spain, certainly most Spaniards would agree that these benefits are outweighed by the intolerable incubus of the Falange Party. It has long been hoped, and rumored, that Franco shared the national dislike of the Falange and would dissolve it at the first opportunity. After all, the Falange came to power not because it did most to win the war, nor because it was ever popular with the people, but solely because it alone possessed an immediate

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program for political and social order. It was the solemn obligation of General Franco to the living and dead of his army, and to the vast majority of those who trusted, followed and supported him, to lead his party and the nation toward truly Spanish goals for which the war was first undertaken. Instead Franco has now apparently decided—with what reservations we do not know—to align his country's cause with a movement which never enjoyed Spanish life and, in every other country, is now as dead as Mussolini. Whatever its motives—an anti-Bourbon maneuver, or a thrust of Spanish pride against foreign intervention—Franco's speech is a move that is apt to cost him dearly inside as well as outside Spain.

Judging UNCIO. A Dutch Franciscan who took part in the San Francisco United Nations Conference as a delegate of The Netherlands believes that time will demonstrate the far-reaching importance of the Social and Economic Council projected in the Charter. As an instrumentality for abolishing the root causes of war, which lie in economic and social evils, this Council and the theory behind it has been a major step forward in international collaboration and may turn out to be the greatest long-run achievement of the Conference. This was the judgment on UNCIO expressed by Father Didymus, O.F.M. (L. J. C. Beaufort), in New York before his return to Europe. The scholarly Franciscan expressed his lack of enthusiasm for the Big Power domination of the Security Council. He pointed out, however, that the United Nations Charter marks a distinct advance beyond the one-time preoccupation of statesmen with the political aspect of wars. International unrest has its causes in economic and social as well as in political issues. The wide scope of action laid out for the Social and Economic Council is one of the brightest features of the Charter. As a Catholic leader in Dutch public life, member of the States-General and Director of Education of the Catholic Workers Association in Utrecht, Father Didymus was a marked man and was a refugee from the Nazi police throughout the occupation of his country.

Post-Ratification Issues. Before the Security Council has all the might intended for it by the United Nations Charter, military agreements must be reached by the several powers spelling out the precise nature and extent of the armed forces to be put at the disposal of the Council. In its report of July 16 advocating prompt Senate ratification of the Charter treaty, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee warned that any reservations or limitations regarding the use of these forces "would clearly violate the spirit of one of the most important provisions of the Charter." It was the view of the Committee, after hearing the testimony of members and advisers of the American Delegation to UNCIO, that any attempts by Congress to restrict the use of these forces to individual instances or within limited geographical areas would deprive the Council of the power of effective action. It pointed out that American interests were adequately safeguarded by the veto power of the American delegate on the Security Council. Adding further limitations and safeguards to the forthcoming military agreements would be to hamper the Security Council without achieving any advantages which this country did not already possess through the veto power of the American delegate. In the hearings, Senator Tom Connally stated that the question of the use of our forces should not be decided now but should be brought up later when the duties of the American delegate were being defined. As the ratification of the Charter seemed inevitable in the next few weeks, new issues conse-

quent upon that ratification were already coming to the fore.

The Forgotten Slovenes. No people more than the Slovenes have had very bitterly proved to them that Communism's implacable hatred for democracy is not a whit less virulent than that of Hitler. The Slovenes were among the Number One victims of the Nazi terror. The Germans deported nearly the entire intelligentsia, 95 per cent of the clergy and tens of thousands of the civilians from the dioceses of Ljubljana and Maribor, and turned their property and lands over to Germans imported from Bessarabia. But to Tito's Communists, Nazis and Nazi victims were all alike. In their own turn they began the so-called purge and murdered without trial large numbers of Democrats as anti-Communists, in spite of the fact that it was these same Democrats who led the resistance movement against the Germans. The persecution of the clergy continues under Tito as it blazed under the Germans. All counted, according to K.A.P., 244 priests and many seminarians have already fallen victims of Germans and Tito's followers alike in Yugoslavia. "A sentiment of class warfare dominates Yugoslavia today," writes Sam Pope Brewer in the *New York Times* for July 18, and those who do not fit into the class picture are "automatically suspect."

Planning for Parenthood. A plan recently proposed by the Most Rev. Bernard W. Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, to safeguard the right of parents to educate their children is well worth the thoughtful consideration of parents, educators and legislators. It is reproduced by *Religious News Service* as follows:

1. In every school, girls should be trained in mothercraft. I might also add that boys should be trained in fathercraft.
2. Provisions should be made for mothers to be assisted in their homes, especially during confinement and sickness. Such provisions should also extend to mothers with large families.
3. Widows-and-orphan pensions should be increased so that mothers may have the first choice of staying home instead of sending their children to day nurseries.
4. Public opinion should be persuaded that the greatest national service any mother can perform is to look after her children.
5. Every article of proposed legislation for the improvement of social services should be scrutinized to see that parental rights are reinforced rather than supplanted. A particularly watchful eye should be kept on any tendency which transforms purely voluntary systems into state compulsion.
6. Parents should be encouraged to take advantage of the help and advice provided by trained workers in the care and upbringing of children.

The plan is designed to prevent the "nationalization" of children, to strengthen home life and to relieve parents of the necessity of confiding their children to the care of "professionals" in day nurseries.

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THE NATION AT WAR

VERY LITTLE NEWS has come from China during the past two months, yet that great country is officially rated as the fourth Power of the World. Changes in the war situation have occurred, but they have not been very important ones.

Northeast from Formosa the Japanese have abandoned the China coast over a front of nearly 300 miles. All of the coast between Shanghai and Amoy is now free of Japanese, except those two cities, which are held. There is nothing to prevent the Allies landing in this sector should they desire to do so.

However, there is no military objective near there. Roads leading into the interior are few and reported as in bad shape. It would be necessary to advance 1,000 miles to reach the forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. It would be more difficult to send him supplies this way than by the present method of flying them in from India, supplemented by the Burma Road for bulky articles. The Japanese have not held the intervening territory between the sea and the distant Chinese forces, so they are not losing anything.

Chiang Kai-shek's forces are blocked by a Japanese corridor, perhaps 50 or more miles wide, which extends south from Hankow in central China to the borders of Indo-China. The Japanese have narrowed this corridor in places, especially at the south end. They seem to have done this deliberately.

The Chinese have reported that the withdrawn Japanese troops have gone north to Manchukuo, preparatory to an expected attack by Russia. This may be so, but it has not been confirmed.

Japan reports that the United States is equipping 20 Chinese divisions with modern equipment and giving them appropriate training. American reports refer to only 3 divisions. On the other hand, the Chinese state that about 20 Chinese divisions are serving under Japan's flag.

The Japanese Premier has publicly thanked "China" for aid received. Although he did not say so, it seems that the aid came from north China and Manchukuo, some parts of which are friendly to Japan. Central and south China are hostile, the latter bitterly so. COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

ONE OF THE FIRST things any writer from Washington hears if he says anything favorable about restrictive legislation concerning labor or rationing or the like is that the law is all right but that the administration of it is downright dumb. Which always reminds me that I heard a Supreme Court Justice say after the Wagner Act was declared constitutional—that everything depended on how it was administered. He had foresight.

All the talk in Washington now is that President Truman is "streamlining" the Administration. This seems to mean either or both of two things: first, that overlapping agencies are to be merged and some of them scrapped; and second, that, as far as possible, the independent agencies are to be brought within the regular departments. Thus, for instance, the twenty-one different agencies which we are told deal with labor relations are to be placed under Secretary Schwelb or at least under his personal control. It will be a good trick if it can be done.

Presumably, also, these changes are to be made in the interest of two good things: economy and efficiency. That also is all right as far as it goes. But the economy objective is going to raise an awful howl from politicians who speak loudly for economy but expect it to operate without touching their own particular appointees. They expect other jobs to be abolished, never those of their own friends.

As for efficiency, there is an American fallacy that when you have drawn a nice, snappy organizational chart and put it into effect, then you have efficiency right off. But it is the human element that counts, and here is where my objections come in.

I think there can be no doubt that on the whole the officials in the Washington headquarters of the various agencies have been for the most part earnest, devoted men and women, and that among them are many able ones. On the other hand, there is ample evidence that here and there in the regional and local offices are some who: a) do not know what it is all about; or b) know, and do not care; or c) know, and want to bring discredit on the work. That was what killed NRA. The "streamliners" might well take this into account now. WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

THE UNITED NATIONS Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is making "a powerful and necessary contribution" towards reassuring the peoples of Europe "that they will enjoy genuine liberty in what is dearest to them: their cultural and religious life," His Holiness Pope Pius XII said at an audience granted to former Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, Director General of UNRRA, and members of his staff. "Europe will never cease to bless you for it," His Holiness added, "it is a truly Christ-like work."

► The Most Rev. Valentine Schaaf, O.F.M., Cincinnati priest who has been named Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, is the first American-born priest accorded this honor in the 700-year history of the Franciscan Order. Father Schaaf will have jurisdiction over 2,000,000 members of the First, Second and Third Orders, which were founded by Saint Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century.

► The July issue of *Relations*, official publication of the Canadian Catholic Peoples Social School (*Ecole Sociale Populaire*), carries a long article on the founding, history and present status of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Describing the N.C.W.C. as "the great Catholic Center of the United States" the author declares that "it has demonstrated the immense possibilities to be found in coordination of Catholic forces," and has "rendered a service to the world."

► Designation of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William D. Cleary, a priest of the Brooklyn Diocese who has had a long and distinguished career in the Army Chaplain Corps, as Deputy Chief of Chaplains, has been announced by Brig. Gen. Luther D. Miller, Chief of Chaplains. Monsignor Cleary holds the rank of Colonel. Prior to his new assignment, he served as commandant of the Army Chaplain School for three years.

► The house where G. K. Chesterton lived during the latter part of his life and where he died, Top Meadow, at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, is being purchased by the Converts' Aid Society for use as a rest home for convert clergymen and their families, immediately after reception into the Church. The Most Rev. Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, suggested the purchase and aided it with a generous donation. LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

MANILA UNDER THE JAPANESE

JAMES B. REUTER, S.J.

I WAS TEACHING at the Ateneo de Manila in December, 1941, when the first Jap planes came over. It was noon and they were flying high, pure white against the blue sky, slow and serene, like beautiful birds. The boys stood open-mouthed in the school yard, gasping in admiration at the beauty of the formations. Then it came.

The bombing was deadly. At Clark Field our flyers had just gone peacefully into lunch when the Jap planes came out of the sun. No one saw them until they were there. The first bomb hit the mess hall. At Cavite Navy Yard the Japanese hit the power-house in the first two minutes, leaving the yard no electricity, no water to fight the fire.

"Too many bodies to bury, Father," said the officers. "We burned 'em. Layer of bodies, layer of tires, layer of bodies, layer of tires. Tires burn very well."

And then we were an open city, with the white planes flying overhead, so low that we could see the red sun on the wings. A falling bomb hisses like a ton of coal rushing down a tin chute, with you lying on your stomach in the coal bin, hoping that it won't hurt. Then the floor heaves like an ocean wave, lights swaying, walls buckling, windows rattling, you hugging the cement and never before so deeply in love with being alive.

I was riding with the Red Cross. But I never treated a wound. The Army always reached the scene just ahead of us, threw the wounded into trucks and rushed them to the hospitals. We would gather up the dead. It was a ghastly job. Wires down. Fire everywhere. Burning cars with their horns short-circuited and wailing, as if they were being tortured by the flame. Dead horses in the streets. The dead men charred, without heads. Heads seem to be blown off very easily. Dogs trapped in the fire and howling for help.

Then our soldiers were gone. Only civilians left in the city, looting the stores, waiting for the Japanese. The prize for the best initial reaction to the invading army goes to Father Martin O'Shaughnessy. He woke in the middle of the night to find a Japanese soldier bending over him, his bayonet gleaming in the dark. Father O'Shaughnessy is an old missionary who has ceased to be surprised at anything. He blinked at the Jap for a few seconds, grinned and said: "Hi!" Then he rolled over and went back to sleep.

Japanese sentries all over the city, Japanese boats in the bay, Japanese sailors on the boulevard, posing beside palm-trees to have their pictures taken. Platoons of soldiers marching through the streets at night, singing. Hobnails clicking on the hard asphalt. Bayonets glistening in the streetlights.

But still Bataan held out. Each night we would listen to the Voice of Freedom broadcast from Corregidor. We would listen in the dark, sweltering, windows shut, blinds drawn, lookouts posted. We weren't supposed to have a radio. "The Americans are closer than you think!" said the Voice of Freedom. "They'll be here sooner than you expect!"

They couldn't have come sooner than we expected, because we were looking every morning for a fleet of warships to come sailing into Manila Bay, like Dewey in 1898. We strained our eyes looking for flying fortresses. Every day someone would swear he saw one.

But at Bataan our artillery couldn't fire, because the Jap planes kept circling overhead like buzzards. At our first burst they would come screaming down, strafing, and the bombs would leave dead heroes and twisted metal where the

gun had been. We had no planes. So Bataan fell, and Corregidor, and the Voice of Freedom was still.

On that march from Bataan to the prison camps, Tony Escoda of the Manila *Bulletin* went out to help the soldiers. He came back forty-eight hours later, eyes black for want of sleep, blood on his shoes. He went to Malacanán, to the puppet government. "If this government means anything," he said, "let it protect its citizens from savagery, *now!* Granted we lost a war, we're still men! And no nation has a right to treat men the way the Japanese are treating our soldiers on that road!" The Japanese were there, and they heard him. So Tony Escoda was taken to Fort Santiago. Later his wife, Josefa, who has a degree from Columbia University, was taken there too. Neither of them ever came out. They died under "investigation."

For three years then, Fort Santiago ruled Manila. It was a prison, the headquarters of the Japanese military police. They were higher than the army, higher than the navy, their spies were everywhere and Manila grew sick with the fear of them. Nuns and priests were dragged into Santiago, Germans and Spaniards, even Japanese. They took women without warning, without a charge. They didn't need a charge. It was just a place of "investigation."

One method of investigating was the water cure. Your mouth and nose are covered with a cloth and the guards play a hose upon it. You either drink or drown, you can't breathe, you're suffocating, so you drink till you can't hold any more, till you are filled with water, bloated. Then the investigators jump on your stomach till the water comes out your mouth and nose and ears.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Did you know that the Japanese slap each other?

At the Santa Lucia gate, just outside the Walled City, I saw an angry officer lead a marine into a field. The marine stood with his hands clenched at his side and his chin out, like Mussolini, while the officer punched him in the face with both fists. The blood flowed like wine, but the marine kept his chin out. When it was all over he bowed to the officer, sucked in his breath politely and collapsed on the grass.

Once at Santo Tomás a little lieutenant was walking down a line of American internees, slapping everybody. They slap hard. He came to a woman, slapped her, and she slapped him back! The lieutenant put his left foot on hers, hit her in the jaw with his fist, and knocked her unconscious on the grass. Then he stood there, four feet and ten inches of insolence, looking up and down the line of big, broad-shouldered Americans. No one lifted a finger. The Jap smiled triumphantly and said: "Take her away."

From day to day, from month to month, from year to year we were living in hope, waiting for the return of the Americans. In the Spring of 1942, when Corregidor fell, we said: "Well, the fourth of July! They'll be back by the fourth!" The fourth came, but the American's didn't.

"Well, Christmas! That's the day! At Christmas time the weather is perfect for a landing!" And Christmas came, very quietly.

"Well, Lincoln's birthday!" No landing.

"Washington's birthday!" No landing.

Surely by *this* Christmas!"

Then it was almost Christmas 1943, and we had been two full years under the Japanese. A guerilla came in from the hills. He had heard a song on the radio and he taught it to us: "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas." On Christmas Eve we gathered in the dark corridor, singing carols, and we felt pretty awful. We knew they would come. But it was hard waiting.

There were no horses left in the city, no *carabaos*, no dogs, no cats. A Chinese was jailed when they found in his ice-box the arms and legs of a little baby. Starvation. Rice selling at 35,000 pesos a sack. Rice lines in the streets. Blackouts, and hungry men prowling in the dark. Children begging in the streets for food. Robberies.

The Japanese had confiscated all the good money in the city and had issued their own notes. Like the German Mark in the last war, these Jap pesos sank steadily in value. Barter was the thing. Food in exchange for clothing. Shoes for sugar. Two kilos of mongo beans for a diamond ring. If a girl had a supply of quinine she could marry any man in the city.

Thieves didn't want money, they wanted *things*! They would hold up couples in the street and take everything they had, clothes and all. A Spanish Dominican went for a walk in the Walled City in that beautiful, white, flowing Dominican habit. He came running back in his shirt sleeves and suspenders.

One man bought a suit of clothes for two thousand pesos, marveling that he got it so cheaply—and later recognized it! He had buried his uncle in it, only two weeks before! He went to the vault, opened the coffin, and sure enough—there was his uncle in his shorts.

One of the prettiest memories I have of Manila during the war is this: studying theology in the late evening, while the city was still golden with sunset, hungry as a wolf, but listening to a Japanese captain across the street in the University of the Philippines playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. That captain used to work in our Observatory all day, then go home and practise on his piano for three hours every night. Once he said to Father Depperman: "I'm not a soldier; I'm a scientist. I don't like war; I like music. But I can't help it. All Japanese are in the army."

CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE

The Japanese were the only ones in the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere who got enough to eat. That Sphere was their invention. All their conquered countries belonged to it. "Co-Prosperity isn't a term in English," said one Filipino student. "It's algebra! As the sine approaches infinity, the co-sine approaches zero. As Japan prospers, look what happens to the rest of us!"

When the Filipino guerillas in the city became good and hungry they started a little reign of terror of their own. They began to assassinate the puppet government, one by one. They passed the list around, so that everybody knew who would be next. And sure enough he would be! They would find him at dawn, hanging on a fence, with thirty-three bullets in him. This was very discouraging to government officials. They tried to resign, but the Japanese wouldn't let them.

José Laurel, the President, was ambushed on the golf course. He came down from the tee onto the fairway and that's all he remembers. The Japanese guards who were flanking him didn't know anything. When the firing started they had their noses in the dirt and they didn't see *anybody*. For weeks the *Tribune* carried bulletins on the President's condition, with pictures of Japanese surgeons bending over his bed. I was interested because the President's son, Mariano, had been in my class at the Ateneo. Mariano was given a scholarship to a Japanese University, and once his picture was in the paper. He was sitting in the front row of a classroom in Tokyo, shaven bald, in a black uniform, Japanese on the right and on the left. He looked most unhappy. At the Ateneo Mariano had worn black curly hair, bright clothes and a big smile.

The President didn't die, but the killings continued. Gun duels in the streets. Real Wild-West scenes.

One morning the military police announced that they had rounded up the assassins. They said that four of the conspirators, after a week in Santiago under protective custody, had been smitten with remorse and had made a clean breast of it. About thirty men would be executed. The *Tribune* carried a picture of the battered four who had confessed. They looked as if smitten with something more than remorse.

About this time Father Gampp came up from the leper colony at Culion in a fishing boat, and reported to our Superior.

The children of lepers are born clean. In Culion new-born babes are taken from their parents, raised in a separate home, fed special food and released when it is certain that they do not have the disease. But during the war the nursery had no food. So the children were sent back to their parents. But the parents had no food either, and the authorities could not force them to stay on the island and starve. So lepers began to leave Culion, in open boats. They cropped up in the streets of Manila.

In our own Jesuit community one side of a scholastic's face became paralyzed. The line of paralysis ran right down the middle. He had no sensation on that side. When he tried to smile only one side of his lips would turn up. The doctor said it was only an effect of beri-beri, caused by acute malnutrition, a starvation of nerves in the head. He cured it with injections.

MASSACRE

The Japanese kept telling us that even if the Americans came it wouldn't do us any good, because they were going to defend Manila and go down fighting. And before they died they would kill every white man in Manila. Japanese officers who had sweethearts in the city told them to get out, because the whites would all be massacred. It sounded so fantastic that we didn't believe it, but that is just what happened.

When the First Cavalry reached LaSalle College they found all the Christian Brothers in the chapel, bayoneted—about ten Germans and two Irishmen. The whole Paulist community, Spaniards, were found in the river beside their house, bayoneted. With them was the body of Eusebio Quintana, an altar-boy who lived with them. He was eight years old. The Spanish Augustinians were found in their vault, buried alive. The Capuchins were found in an air-raid shelter, packed so tightly together that their bodies could not fall down even when they were dead.

In Santiago bodies were found in the cells, piled four deep. In the city, houses were set on fire and the Filipinos shot as they came running out of the flames. Whole Filipino towns were wiped out. Conrado Abrogina, a young Filipino Jesuit, went home to Lipa with his younger brother Benjamin, who was a seminarian. Both were my friends. Their whole town was gathered into the marketplace by the Japanese—men, women and children. The bodies of Conrado and Benjamin were conspicuous, because they were still in the cassocks they had died in.

Why this murder of Germans, of neutrals, of Filipinos? Because the Japanese in the Philippines were a suicide army. They were taking to death with them all the enemies of Japan. And after three years they knew the only people in the Philippines who were not enemies of Japan were the Japanese themselves.

And why did the Filipinos remain so loyal to us? Because they remembered the kindness of Americans as contrasted

with the cruelty of the invaders. America has its roots in Christianity. Even if the country is no longer Christian, most of us have a vague idea that people ought to love one another. The pagan Japanese haven't that idea at all. They never had it. Being pagan, they are cruel. And being Christian, at least in origin, we are fundamentally inclined to be kind.

I wasn't freed when Manila was recaptured by the Americans, because in June of 1944 I had been transferred to a prison camp—Los Baños.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

VICTOR H. JOHNSON

HE WAS ONE of those into whose family had come the War Department telegram with that vague, official, nightmarish term, *missing in action*.

In the first days that followed, Mom and Pop and Ambrose and Ruth and his smaller brothers and sisters found a grim comfort in the thought that he was most likely not dead. Perhaps he had been taken prisoner, or left lying wounded on the Tunisian sands. But surely now he had been found and hospitalized, perhaps in the hands of his own government, his own people.

I saw none of the War Department telegrams, but as time went on I gathered from letters from home that his mother had received the Government's assurance of her son's safety. At least, I understood, despite the anxiety pervading their letters, that his family felt grateful to the government. They knew the best attention and care was being given Cecil in North Africa because the government, by its messages, was doing its best to reassure their boy's people at home. How much to the thousands of other homes like Cecil's those telegrams have meant!

After a while, we knew that Cecil would come back. He was pronounced out of danger, but from then on it was deduction rather than government report, for the government could not say when it intended to bring the wounded home. U-boats lurked in the Atlantic and a ship bearing the Cecils was tonnage to be destroyed.

But we knew that Cecil was badly enough wounded to be sent home. Two months after his family was notified, there was still no letter in his own handwriting. His buddies wrote for him, bright, cheerful letters that never mentioned his injuries, just how well he was doing. These only served to increase the anxiety of his people.

If he were doing so well, why did he not write himself? Had he lost his right arm? Was he blind? Was the Order of the Purple Heart awarded him in compensation for permanent disfigurement?

As more time passed, and more letters from his buddies, his family grew more apprehensive. Their silent fears took expression in their letters to me. They asked in writing what they had at first feared to put into words. His brothers and sisters made plans; they would take care of him if he were unable to work. My sister, Cecil's mother, expressed gratitude to God that hers was a large family, with a lot of brothers and sisters to help out.

It was well over three months after I received word of his being wounded that my telephone rang. I was his only relative in New York. His voice was cheerful, laughing. I thought of meeting him at a dock somewhere when I asked, "Well, where are you?"

His voice lost a little of its laughter. "Oh, I'm out here at a hospital. Halloran, I think it is."

"Halloran" sobered me. Whether or not he detected it in my voice, I don't know, for my concept of the hospital was gained from what I read daily in the papers and columns. It was the tragic playing-up of the armless, the legless, the blind, the disfigured. It seemed that all of the wounded of war were permanent, pitiful invalids.

On my way to the hospital, I steeled myself for the meeting. If his right arm were gone I would shake hands with my left casually. If he wore dark glasses and groped for my hand in the darkness, I would help him back to his chair gently. The least we could do, all of us of his family, would be to make his consciousness of injury as unembarrassing as possible.

It was at the hospital, before I saw him, that my thoughts took a less morbid course. There was a leisurely, country atmosphere to the hospital and grounds—nothing grim or forbidding. Even the soldier guards directing the flow of visitors seemed chosen for their natural friendliness and humanity.

But it was the sight of the patients themselves that really gave me relief. For instead of the blind, the limbless and disfigured invalids, I saw dozens upon dozens of young men with laughter in their eyes and their bodies whole.

Cecil no longer need be blind or hopelessly maimed. He could be—and perhaps was—one of these hundreds of boys who in a few days or weeks would go back into the world from this government hospital wholly healthy and fit!

My nephew was in Ward 23—or, rather, he was sitting on the front steps of that building, waiting. As he bounded up and came toward me laughing, months of needless worry and fear slid from my shoulders. He had his eyes, his arms, his legs, and nowhere on him, in that first glance, did I see a scar of battle. But it was not so good as that. When he reached out his hand, it was his *left*. Quickly, as was my original plan, I stretched out mine.

But there was nothing to hide between us, no need for me to be over-solicitous of his feelings. Cecil explained about his right hand, holding it up for me to see. It was "still a little stiff and sore," but all there and, after an operation to mend the tendons torn by shrapnel, he expected that hand to be as good as ever. Already the wound in his leg had healed, and the one in his head, he showed me, "didn't even leave a scar."

In the friendly atmosphere of the hospital canteen, over ice cream and cigarettes, I told him of the worry of his mother and people. He seemed a little hurt that they had not believed the messages written by his buddies. The last thing he said as we shook hands, with hopeful plans made for his leave in New York and further visits, was: "Will you straighten out Mom and them back home? I guess they'll take your word that I'm okay. Guess they don't trust strangers."

His people believed me, not only because I was Mable's brother, but because I gave exact information as to the extent of his wounds. Where this information is not given, mothers and fathers and sisters, not knowing the truth, torture themselves with thoughts of permanent injury and disfigurement. For buddies who write, this is a point always to be kept in mind.

For other mothers there is a message in Cecil's case. Because your boy is wounded and sent back home does not necessarily mean that he is permanently injured or disfigured. The army hospital, as I saw it, was bright with youth and whole, healthy bodies and faces. It was not a hospital of the living dead, but of life and the will to get well and fit into the world again.

Like Cecil, most of your sons are looking to *out*!

IN MEMORIAM: ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS

THOMAS A. MICHELS

ON JULY 25, it was eleven years since Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss fell as the first victim in the way of Hitler's dream of world domination. In her book on G. K. Chesterton, Maisie Ward comments on this event:

With Dollfuss fell all that was left of the Holy Roman Empire: the barbarians had invaded the center of our civilization, and like the Turks besieging Vienna had struck at its heart.

I do not intend to amplify this statement from an historical point of view. I shall only give a few personal memories of Dollfuss which show the man as I saw him during the last and decisive years of his life. I cannot boast of having been his intimate friend but, through a circumstance which I am not yet free to reveal, I had the good fortune not only to watch his actions as a public observer, but to know his intentions intimately and truly.

DEFENDER OF CHRISTIAN TRADITION

What after ten years stands most vividly before me is the modesty of the man. This modesty did not detract in any way from his firmness and resoluteness in all that he considered his *mission*. What that mission was he himself defined when accused by prominent Catholics in Germany of being an enemy to the destiny of the German people: "I an enemy of the German people? On the contrary, I have to uphold true German culture and German tradition against Nazi paganism." That was his idea—indeed a religious idea—of the fight forced upon him by the ruthless enemies not only of an independent Austria, but also of the German people themselves. Seldom has there been a humbler and more courageous response to a mission that has been laid upon man by Providence.

Let there be no misunderstanding. When Dollfuss spoke of German culture and German tradition, he was not thinking for a moment of Austria as a "second German state." He meant only that after Prussia's apostasy from the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, and her gradual enslavement of the other parts of Germany, it was for Austria to defend that common heritage which had been almost obliterated by Prussian State philosophy and militarism. This heritage is European and Christian. When Germany, subjugated by Prussia, had forsaken the tradition, it was Austria's obligation, Dollfuss argued, to defend it against total destruction. He accepted this challenge under seemingly hopeless conditions, for he took over when the boat was in dangerous waters and no one else seemed to know how to steer. In such circumstances, only one must command, and all others must obey. To accuse the skipper of tyranny after he has mastered the storm, is unfair.

I am not going to argue with those who try to simplify a difficult historical problem by contrasting democracy with tyranny. It is apparently a fixed tenet in the creed of certain Liberals and Socialists to label "tyrant" a man who has died laboring for a Catholic Austria—for Austria, with all her toleration of other denominations, Protestant, Jewish and Orthodox, is a Catholic country. The Hapsburgs have been so denounced, as has Seipel, one of the greatest statesmen of our times, for whose genius Austria offered too small a field. Inevitably, Engelbert Dollfuss, too, was proclaimed a tyrant, especially after the fatal accident of the so-called February revolt. History may one day give us a more de-

tached and objective account of this deplorable event, as well as of his relation to Mussolini, than it is now possible to give.

THE STATESMAN

How radically Dollfuss' ultimate aims differed from the means which circumstances forced him to adopt! These aims he revealed when, on September 11, 1933, at the historic convention on the Trabrennplatz, he solemnly declared that he would build the New Austria on the principles of the Papal Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. On May 1, 1934, when he gave Austria her new constitution, this promise was fulfilled. What this new constitution lays down in the matter of social justice, of Christian solidarism, of professional corporations with a large measure of freedom and self-direction, and in the matter, finally, of the administration and government of the state from the smallest units of freely elected village councils up to the central government—is so much in the tradition of truly democratic and Christian federal rule that it offers many a valuable suggestion to the Allies for use in the formal restoration of Austria. In this constitution which—because of his premature death—Dollfuss himself was unfortunately not allowed to establish, he showed himself more progressive than any of those accusers who cling still to ideologies of the past.

THE CATHOLIC MAN

But to turn from politics to more pleasant memories of a lovable man. People loved Engelbert Dollfuss because he was the personification of the average Austrian Catholic—in his deeply rooted faith, in his gentleness, in his generosity. Those who know the Austrian people will understand what I mean by "average." To use that word of Dollfuss is the highest tribute I can pay to him and to the Austrian people, so often underrated if not despised by the boastful Northern Germans. True the Austrians are not so dynamic as the Prussians—luckily! But by Christian standards, such virtues as patience, endurance, generosity of heart and friendly understanding rate higher than dynamic manifestations that spring sometimes not from virtue but from vice. Dollfuss himself had a very active mind. He could grasp a given situation easily, and take appropriate action. But throughout his activity, there was in him a resignation genuinely Christian, which was most strikingly evident in all the circumstances of his admirable death. Adamant in refusing even the least demands of his enemies in this last hour of his earthly life, he thought as always only thoughts of peace.

I glimpsed the Catholic in Dollfuss first when, after an audience he had granted us on Christmas Eve in behalf of the Catholic University of Salzburg, I turned to him and promised to offer the first Mass of Christmas night for him and for his intentions. He thanked me effusively, saying: "This is the greatest gift you could give me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

I saw it again, unforgettably, in the beautiful sanctuary on the summit of the Sonntagsberg in Lower Austria. This is one of the sanctuaries dedicated to the glory of the Holy Trinity, or in honor of Our Lady, at some distance from one of the great monasteries, built in the Austrian baroque period when nearly every town had such monuments in its marketplace. We were waiting for Dollfuss, who had promised to come for High Mass at eleven o'clock. When he arrived, an air of seriousness overshadowed his gentle face. After Mass came the explanation. Speaking outside the church to men and women, many of whom were from his birthplace, he broke to them the news which had reached him during the night of the terrible purge at Munich and

Berlin on June 30, 1933. He said that a regime hostile to the spirit of Christianity must of necessity resort to such bloody measures. Then he begged the people to go home and to say with their families an Our Father for him and for his government, that they might do that which was best for the people.

On the same day we had a meeting with the Chancellor at the Abbey of Seitenstetten. From the first, Dollfuss had taken great interest in our plans to enlarge the Theological Faculty at Salzburg, remnant of the once flourishing Benedictine University, into a full University with the traditional four faculties. Although, when we approached him first in this matter he remarked somewhat jokingly: "Must I do this too? Why do not the Austrian Bishops take care of it?"—he helped as much as he could. He knew too well that there would never be a new Austria unless the intelligentsia were brought back to a real practice of their Catholic faith in intellectual and public life. (It should never be overlooked that Hitler and Nazism have their intellectual roots in the anti-clerical movement in the Austrian monarchy which forty years ago declared itself against Rome, Austria and the Hapsburgs, and in favor of Bismarck's solution by force of the German problem.)

EDUCATIONAL AIMS

When, at this last meeting, our spokesman explained to the Chancellor what subjects should be taught and what professors chosen, Dollfuss interrupted gently and said modestly but frankly: "I am not interested in this. You know better than I do how to make the University a center of higher learning, but what about the *education* of the students? Do you want to leave them as free and independent as in the past, without any control in the choice of their subjects, or in their life and activities outside the *Hoersaele*?" We replied that we had already thought of this, and agreed with him in seeing that the solution was a combination of English college education and our traditional system of freedom. We assured him especially that every student would be obliged to take a two-year course in philosophy from a Catholic point of view as a lasting foundation to guide him in his intellectual and public life.

The Chancellor declared himself satisfied, and promised, after having studied our outlines on this point, to issue the document for the formal erection of the Catholic University for Middle Europe at Salzburg. Prevented by his heroic death from giving his signature to the decree, he left the project to be carried out in a future Austria.

Shortly before he was assassinated, Engelbert Dollfuss took part in the annual pilgrimage of Viennese men to Magna Mater Austriae at Mariazell, the most famous shrine of Our Lady in Austria, in whose honor he had stamped her image on the five-shilling coins. There he received Holy Communion as *viaticum* to his eternal rest. Catholics all over the world have ample reason not to forget this man who was one of their best, but rather to assist in carrying out his ideas and plans for Austria as a center of peace and order in Europe.

Austria is a European country, a wonderful harmony of German, Slavic and Latin elements. The Allies in their own interest will, we hope, not again be so foolish as to reinforce Germany while dismembering Austria. To give Austria what it can rightly claim, including the South Tyrol, to allow her to hold the free plebiscite which Schuschnigg ordered and which the Nazi invaders interrupted, will be the first step toward solving the German problem. It will encourage those in Germany, particularly in the west and south of Germany who, in the face of the all-powerful Prussian hegemony,

have never had the opportunity to express their approval of a better and more natural solution of the German question. When this has been done, then the labors of Emperor Charles and Chancellor Seipel, the sufferings of Chancellor Schuschnigg in German "custody" and, above all, the supreme sacrifice of Dollfuss, will not have been in vain.

A DECADE OF RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

W. B. FAHERTY

WHILE ALL of Holland's farms had electric service in 1935, nine out of every ten American farmers still groped in the uneven light of kerosene lamps. Three times a day the farmwife perspired over a coal or wood stove to prepare the meals. She had no vacuum cleaner, no electric refrigerator, no electric washer or any of the dozen other appliances she might have purchased if she had had the electric power to run them.

When winter nights came early, the farm family read little, since the youngsters consumed all available bright space doing their lessons. In many cases the only thing that prevented the installation of a modern sanitary system in the home was the lack of running water, which electric power could have supplied. Outdoor farm work, too, entailed much drudgery that electricity would have eliminated.

Some individual farmers battled the staggering odds keeping electricity from their homes. Typical is a Pennsylvania farmer who found that he could get electric power from a private company by supplying and erecting close to thirty poles and stringing the line himself. Three hundred dollars floated down the river for installation alone, to be followed by a power bill of \$16.50 a month, the minimum required for a number of years.

Since the average farmer could not afford such an outlay, there is little wonder that so few had high-line electricity. The country that conquered the Western wilderness in one century was failing to supply its own rural people with electric power.

BEGINNING OF REA

As an emergency measure to meet this great need, the Rural Electrification Administration—soon dubbed the REA—was set up in May, 1935, by Executive order. In the following year the REA act of 1936 put the organization on a permanent footing with the commission of a ten-year program of self-liquidating rural-electrical development. The program called for loaning the sum of forty million dollars a year. There were to be no outright grants.

Congress authorized the REA to make interest-bearing twenty-five-year loans for the construction of generating plants, transmission- and distribution-lines. These loans went to farmers' groups organized cooperatively and, in fewer cases, to rural municipalities, public power districts, and private power companies. Lest the farmers be like soldiers with live ammunition but no guns, qualified borrowing groups, such as the electric co-ops, could obtain from the REA short-term loans for re-lending to individuals to finance wiring, plumbing, electrical appliances and equipment on the farmstead.

Soon farmers' electric co-ops sprang up throughout the land to bring electricity to their members. They followed the Rochdale principles of cooperative organization. The REA offered advice on organization, engineering and man-

agement problems, and reserved to itself the right to approve the technical qualifications of the man each co-op selects as manager. It sent out a monthly magazine, *Rural Electrification News*, to keep co-op officials acquainted with electrical developments throughout the country and to teach them the best uses of electric power.

SECURITY FOR LOANS

What provision did the REA make against the failure of an individual co-op? Were Jim Noldin of Ohio or Louie Lercher of Kansas required to mortgage their farms, or did the government agency gamble on possible loss? Neither! A mortgage on the lines, poles, generators and other physical property of the co-op or other borrowing agency secured the loan. At no time did the nation face the possibility of financial loss. Private concerns could not complain of competition since REA co-ops built lines only in those areas left fallow by privately owned utilities.

The decision to work through self-governing cooperative organizations was a happy one both for the administrative agency and for the farmers. It lessened the danger of excessive government control, and helped to keep REA from becoming a political football. Seeking not profit but only the advantage of the American farmer, the co-ops were able to provide electricity at low rates. The huge Kaw Valley Electric Co-op, for instance, which lights a large section of Eastern Kansas, charges a normal minimum of three dollars a month. The average bill ranges from four to seven dollars.

The individual farmers pay nothing for the installation of the line. In fact, they make no contribution except the normal co-op membership fee of five dollars. Eventually, after the government loan is liquidated, the line will belong to them. Thus the amount paid every month represents to each farmer not only the cost of the electricity used, but a future ownership of the entire power system to which he belongs. Finally, under REA retail rates, the actual charge for current consumed is so low that the farmers can afford to use liberal quantities.

Nor was the REA walking on uncertain ground in its decision to spread electric power cooperatively. It had a precedent in the successful operation of electric cooperatives in other countries. Close to half of Sweden's rural electricity is distributed through co-ops, while Finland has four hundred cooperative rural-electric organizations.

Since by the end of 1938 the number of electrified farms had almost doubled the figure at the start of the REA, Congress made available an additional one hundred million dollars. In 1939 the REA became an Administration within the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

ACHIEVEMENT

The REA Administrator in 1942, Harry Slattery, was able to report to the Secretary of Agriculture that by July of that year, when shortage of critical materials forced the REA to halt its mass-construction work, it had already financed the extension of electric service to one million rural users. An unexpected development was the parallel growth of privately owned utilities in rural areas, stimulated by the advance of the REA program.

Farm electrification in America increased from about 10 per cent in 1935 to 42 per cent last July 1, the date of the latest REA survey. In terms of individual farms this is a jump of from 750,000 to 2,572,960.

Back in the peaceful mid-thirties, few Americans envisioned rural electrification as a national weapon in total war. Yet electricity has been an extra right arm to already overworked farmers whose sons flocked to the battlefronts. Rural power

co-ops, furthermore, at the request of the Army and Navy officials, have helped in the establishment of many training-camps, flying-fields, radio-beacons, and industrial-production units. They helped to modernize rural industries.

REA allotments passed the half-billion mark early in July last year. These have gone to 896 borrowers, of which number 824 were farmer-owned, locally controlled co-ops in forty-five States, Alaska and the Virgin Islands. Not only have over 99½ per cent of these cooperative organizations paid their debts when due, but many of them have entered advance payments at the REA headquarters.

Electricity has modernized farm homes and eliminated much drudgery that prematurely sapped the vigor of many farmwives. It has paid for itself in terms of increased farm income, while helping the farmer in his work. It has opened a tremendous new market for electrical appliances of all kinds, such as refrigerators, milking-machines and radios. In the wake of the power-line builders, cold-storage lockers, canning-plants and many other enterprises have pioneered in towns hitherto without them.

REA has won the admiration of prominent men. Typical is the comment of Senator Arthur Capper, Kansas Republican, who wrote: "You are on sure ground when you stand by the REA."

The principle of "area coverage" offers the first postwar challenge to existing electric co-ops. Most of them have missed some farms, as a blitzkriegering army by-passes segments of enemy troops isolated in remote regions. In this section of Kansas, for instance, hundreds of non-electrified farms hide in the hills just a few miles from the Kaw Valley lines. The REA and the present members of the co-op want power extended to all these farms.

And what are REA's other postwar targets? Wider use of electricity on the individual farmstead, full use for rural-community welfare and the development of local rural industries. This last aim augurs well for the future development of America.

This ten-year story of REA achievement is an account of an amazing American revolution accomplished without cost to the national treasury, by the people themselves, with the aid of far-seeing Government administrators.

WHO'S WHO

JAMES B. REUTER, S.J., winner of the Fordham oratorical contest in 1934, joined the Society of Jesus that same year. He went to the Philippines for his philosophy work in 1938, and in June of 1941 began teaching rhetoric at the Ateneo in Manila. He had taught only six months when he was interned at Los Baños by the Japanese, from which he was released when American paratroopers jumped on the camp and wiped out the 240 Japanese guards on February 23, 1945.

VICTOR H. JOHNSON is a Lieutenant Commander in the Maritime Service.

DOM THOMAS A. MICHELS, O.S.B., former Professor of Liturgy and Medieval History at Salzburg, was a member of the board of directors of the International Catholic University Weeks and of the episcopal committee for building up the Catholic University at Salzburg. Since coming to the U. S. in 1938, he has been Professor of History at Saint Michael's, Winooski Park, Vt., Research Professor of Antiquity and Liturgy at Manhattanville College, and is now Prior of Saint Paul's Priory at Keaysport, N. J.

REV. WILLIAM B. FAHERTY, S.J., now in his last year of Theology at St. Mary's, Kansas, served for four years as a member of the Rural Life Committee while at Saint Mary's, Kansas. His articles have appeared in historical, educational and general-interest magazines.

AFTER TEN YEARS

WHEN the National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act was passed by Congress, AMERICA said editorially:

In its aim, the Wagner bill is above reasonable criticism. It merely proposes a policy which sooner or later, and sooner better than later, this country must adopt. To-day we exist as a nation, one-tenth free and nine-tenths wage slaves. The Wagner bill is a brave attempt to change that condition by putting back of labor's right to collective bargaining the power of the Federal Government. (July 13, 1935.)

The emphasis in that statement was on the little word "brave"—an adjective sometimes employed to describe courageous but hopeless causes. The editorial went on to say that Senator Wagner had done his very best but, in the light of the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter (NRA) case, the Act was probably unconstitutional and could not be enforced. The Constitution, it concluded, "does not authorize, in our opinion, the broad powers claimed in the Wagner bill."

It is obvious now, ten years after the event, that we were at once overly optimistic and overly pessimistic: overly optimistic in supposing that the bill was "above reasonable criticism"; overly pessimistic in estimating the power of the Federal Government to deal with industrial relations. Throughout the past decade, the Act has been constantly and bitterly criticized by business spokesmen but, since 1937, not on constitutional grounds. In April of that year a Supreme Court which did not include a single Roosevelt appointee, held that Congress, in passing the law, had not exceeded its powers over interstate commerce.

By way of celebrating its tenth birthday, the National Labor Relations Board has released an interesting and informative resumé of its work. The following are some of the more significant items:

Since July, 1935, the Board has handled more than 74,000 cases, 36,000 involving unfair labor practices, 38,000 involving representation questions. Until 1941 unfair-labor-practice cases predominated. After that year, with the nation at war, the emphasis shifted to "representation" cases. In other words, during the first half of its existence, the Board was mainly concerned with forcing employers to observe the law of the land; during the second half, with assisting workers to determine a collective-bargaining unit. This shift of emphasis is sometimes cited to prove growing employer acceptance of the Act.

During this period the Board issued more than 11,000 formal decisions. (The vast majority of cases were settled informally, a fact which speaks well of the fairness and good sense of many industrialists.) Although 600 of these decisions were appealed to the circuit courts, and fifty-five to the Supreme Court, in only two instances was the Board overruled. No other statute, say the lawyers, has been so extensively litigated. It is probably true, also, that no other administrative agency has been so uniformly upheld by the courts.

The formal decisions of the Board resulted in the disestablishment of 2,000 company unions, in the initiation of collective bargaining in 5,000 businesses; in the reinstatement of 300,000 improperly discharged employees, with back-pay awards amounting to approximately \$9,000,000.

More than 7,000,000 workers were eligible to vote in Board-supervised elections, and almost eighty-five per cent exercised their prerogative. The CIO was selected on 40 per cent of the ballots; the AFL on 33.4 per cent; independent unions on 16.1 per cent. A small minority of 10.5 per cent

voted for no union. In the course of the decade, union membership increased by about 10,000,000.

The Wagner Act was passed in the belief that collective bargaining is a good thing for business, and that to this end the right of workers to organize ought to be protected by law; or, as AMERICA said ten years ago, the Wagner Act was a brave attempt to change a condition in which one-tenth of the nation is free and nine-tenths wage slaves. If the country still cherishes this belief, the greatest care must be exercised in writing new labor legislation. It should not be forgotten that while the Wagner Act has been successful in encouraging organization, the majority of our workers still lack the benefits of unionism. To make these benefits still more remote through an overzealous desire to reach perfection at one bound might be in the long run a very expensive mistake.

MR. MARTIN PROPOSES

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of a city's police force is that it relieves individual citizens of the necessity of going about armed to the teeth. To citizens who would anyhow enjoy toting a personal arsenal, it denies the privilege.

In the minds of millions sincerely desirous of world peace, the meeting of nations at San Francisco held out a hope that sooner or later a world army at the disposal of the United Nations would render unnecessary the huge armies of individual nations. If the United Nations Organization is to prevent wars in the world, it must eventually propose and insist that each nation limit its army and its armament to its necessary contribution to the forces at the disposal of the organization.

How soon the world may get around to dispensing with huge national armies may be a matter of policy. That it must eventually do so, if there is to be peace, hardly admits of argument.

The Big Three, if they are sincere and united about it, can see to it that Germany does not again rearm. They can do the same with Japan when final victory shall have been won. There is no small nation in the world, however well armed, that would dare threaten one of the Big Three without the expected support of another member of the Big Three. So, if the United States and Russia and Great Britain can maintain unity on essential points, they need fear war from no nation, large or small, or any group of nations.

Are they afraid, then, of war with one another? Apparently not, for they have fought together and consulted together in the cause of world peace. Apparently so, for the growing tendency on the part of all three is a race for military supremacy unlimited—a race, incidentally, that has no traditional foundation in the history of two of the three.

If three men enter a conference to settle disputes, and one is armed and flanked by a bodyguard, he holds the upper hand. If all three are armed and bodyguarded, all three are inclined to rely rather heavily on what they conceive to be the superior force of their own bodyguards. If all three enter weaponless, and are determined that they will find a peaceful solution, there is more possibility that they will base their conclusions on justice alone.

Naive? Only in the belief that all three Powers are sincere in their determination to establish a lasting world peace. On the other hand, the bitter truth of our present situation

is this: that the war which was fought to guarantee lasting peace is concluding in a greater reliance than ever on sheer brute force and a world-wide growth of militarism. The time has not yet come when nations can give up all military power, but surely a step in the right direction would be the adoption by all nations of Representative Martin's resolution that all nations abandon in principle and in fact compulsory peacetime military conscription. No resolution that may come out of Potsdam would give greater hope and assurance of sincerity to a war-weary, yet war-fearful world. The United States should be willing to sponsor the resolution.

SIMLA IMPASSE

THE FINAL BREAKDOWN of negotiations aimed at creating a more representative government for India has a special interest for world opinion since the drafting of the United Nations Charter. The case of India has important lessons for the broad United Nations program on the emancipation of dependent territories. Viscount Wavell had proposed that the Viceroy's Executive Council, which normally governs India, be reconstituted as a completely representative all-Indian body, except for a British Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief. Key feature of the formula was representation for Moslems and Hindus. Convened at Simla, in the Himalayas, the conference broke up on July 14 when the two Indian groups became deadlocked on the mode and proportion of representation.

The United Nations Charter contains a Declaration on non-self-governing territories. This outlines the responsibilities assumed by the colonial Powers towards advancing the political aspirations of the dependent territories controlled by them. The difficulties which ultimately caused the meeting at Simla to break up will no doubt be duplicated elsewhere in greater or lesser measure as this part of the United Nations program is carried out.

One of the difficulties is the not unnatural reluctance of the colonial Powers to relinquish their present position of dominance. In the case of India, for instance, there is an understandable slowness on the part of the British to cut the bonds that link them to a land made famous in tradition by the pen of Rudyard Kipling.

Another difficulty is in ascertaining the time when such dependent territories are ready for self-government (or independence). The British are probably not exactly saddened by the long-standing rivalry between the Moslems and the Hindus which was at the root of the collapse of the Simla negotiations. Many Nationalists charge that Britain has even deliberately exploited these divisions. But no imperial Power, whether British or Dutch or French or American, can easily slough off responsibility towards their dependencies before these peoples have become able to handle their own affairs, politically and economically, and to achieve the minimum national unity necessary for that purpose.

Imperialism is out of fashion. Even before the war, the large colonial Powers were feeling the pressure. Now that the United Nations have subscribed to a common policy—thanks in great measure to the example set by this country in dealing with the Philippines—this process will be speeded up. But if the Simla effort is any clue, no mere declaration of policy on non-self-governing territories will automatically remove the pitfalls that await such a policy's application.

CHURCH AND FEDERAL AID

A STOCK STRATAGEM of opponents of the Church is to declare piously that they wouldn't attack Catholics or the Catholic Church for anything in the world, but when it comes to "clerical politics"—well, that is quite a different matter. And for these people it is a matter of clerical politics whenever the Pope or the Catholic Hierarchy takes a position on a question of the day which is different from their own.

The current attack on the Catholic Hierarchy is for its stand on Federal aid to education. The story is that the public schools have been deprived of Federal aid all these years by the "clerical politics" of the Catholic Hierarchy. That story lacks even plausibility. From 1918 to 1927, five bills were on the Congressional docket, each calling for the creation of a Department of Education with a Secretary in the Cabinet of the President. Strong opposition to these bills, as official reports of Congressional hearings show, came from widely representative groups—presidents of leading secular universities, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the Methodist Church South, Lutheran synods, the Baptist World Alliance, the National Grange, several State boards of education and even groups of school teachers.

A capital point of the opposition to these bills was that on their face they meant Federal *control* of education. When in 1927 the Phipps Bill eliminated the Department of Education and stipulated Federal aid only, it was considered unsatisfactory by the National Education Association, which had initiated and led the fight for a Department of Education. Gradually, however, the N.E.A. abandoned the Department of Education and has since thrown its whole weight and resources into winning the fight for Federal aid.

But the N.E.A. has made it clear that not a penny of Federal money can be allowed to go to non-public schools or to non-public-school children. Such a position rejects the recommendation of President Roosevelt's non-partisan Advisory Committee of 1938, that in the matter of Federal-aid legislation.

... consideration should be given to the fact that large numbers of children receive instruction in non-public schools, and that the maintenance of schools under non-public auspices results in a significant reduction in public expense . . . that such portions of the Federal aid as may be allocated in the joint plans for the purchase of reading materials, transportation and scholarships be made available so far as Federal legislation is concerned for the benefit of pupils both in public and non-public schools.

The N.E.A. contends that these principles, if carried out, would violate separation of Church and State. But the First Amendment to the Constitution merely states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This is the law of separation of Church and State. It is gratuitous and false to say that Federal aid to non-public schools would mean "an establishment of religion." Several decisions of the Supreme Court contradict such an interpretation: for example, *Bradford vs. Roberts* (175 U.S.295) and *Quick Bear vs. Leupp* (210 U.S.50). The plain fact is that the slogan "Separation of Church and State" in respect to Federal aid is, like "clerical politics," just another cheapjack phrase used to sell an exclusively public-school bill of goods to the Government. American principles really at stake are those of justice and equal rights—for non-public as well as public schools.

If it is "clerical politics" to stand by these principles, the Hierarchy may bear the epithet with honor.

LITERATURE AND ART

RETORT ON "HOTSPURS"

CHARLES A. BRADY

R. L. S. ONCE ENTITLED a retort to sundry ideas of Howells and James A *Humble Remonstrance* and forthwith proceeded to conduct himself in a manner very far removed from humble. I might have chosen to call my rejoinder to Father Doyle's witty upbraiding of *Our Literary Hotspurs* (AMERICA, June 30) "An Insolent Remonstrance," in a hope born of humility that I shall be courteous. If, however, there is any erring on the side of warmth, at least I have Stevenson's excuse: that of defending the citadel of romance against its foes and detractors, however chivalrous and legitimate, for we love the echo, from our studies, of "siege guns booming on the Dutch frontier," and the more delicate secular reverberance of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

The foregoing does not imply that I am hereby enlisting in the stiff-necked troop captained by Nicolas Chauvin of Rochefort, whose Gallic imprecation of *Ventresaintgris*! we now translate *By jingo!* On the contrary I can see and approve Father Doyle's point, which is also the point of Tolstoy, Remarque and Thackeray.

Father Doyle has cited Wellington. The Iron Duke once gave a Thackerayan reply to a toast honoring the victor of Waterloo: "Gentlemen, there is only one thing sadder than victory, and that is defeat." It is not at all the sort of sentiment that used to make the eagle scream on regulation sun-and-pink-lemonade Fourth of July, but we approve. But after all doesn't the *Iliad*, which Maurice Baring styled "the story of all wars," "the greatest dirge for the brave who were doomed to die young," make much the same elegiac plaint? (Blind Homer, it is true, did not come under interdict in the article in question, but he might well have.) War is never anything but evil to Homer, even if he is able to distil immortal beauty from its sadness, even if he accepts it as a fact of human experience and applies to it *Lear's* touchstone for human experience: Ripeness is all. There is no better epitome of war's tragic waste than the resignation of the *Odyssey*, Book III, line 108:

Then and there our best men were killed.

It is a gnomic sentence that would do credit to the "ex-soldiers" who "began to give us novels, plays and poems, twenty-five years ago," when, according to Father Doyle, "the Romantic school of war was . . . utterly abolished." He forgets, however, that such a leader of this counter-school as Ernest Hemingway could not even wait for the Norman beach-heads of 1944 but beat the gun to Madrid, where he heard a certain bell tolling, six years before, and that Archibald MacLeish has attempted journalistic and microphone *amendes* for things like his immediately post-war *Memorial Rain*.

It is also a matter for some reflection that MacLeish's *Conquistador*, with Bernal Diaz' Vergilian *Leitmotiv* of "That which I have myself seen and the fighting," is probably a finer war poem than anything the preceding century had produced in American letters. Nor should it be forgotten that "the most fungoid area in the whole of American literature," our fictional treatment of the Civil War, culminated, not in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, but in *John Brown's Body*, written in Paris in 1926-1927 at the very floodtide of the expatriate Left Bank re-

treat, by the son of American officers stretching back through father, grandfather and great-grandfather, himself a soldier *manqué* because of ill health, Stephen Vincent Benét. The book is our closest approach to epic; it is on the required reading list at West Point where they evidently do not ignore the romantic aspects of the profession; it has recently been printed in a special English edition by the Oxford Press and, *à propos* of this issue, the *London Times Literary Supplement* suggests it to its readers, in a commendatory leader, as the best commentary on and explanation of Eisenhower and the achievements of his "civilian army"; and finally, while not "glamorizing" war, it is at once sane, immediate in its impact and yet elegiac, and not at all anti-Romantic in Father Doyle's sense of the term.

No, the rhythm of the human personality allows for exultation and repulsion in rapid and recurrent succession; sometimes in almost simultaneous superimposition. It is a paradox but it is also life, which is never simple and hardly even a synthesis of opposites so much as a spinning kaleidoscope of contradictions. The same generation that, at its beginning, applauded Zola's *La Débâcle*, at its end cheered Rostand's *Cyrano*. France, in the 'thirties, alternately concurred in Romans' revelations of futilities in *Verdun* and the mystic nationalism of Péguy's *Heureux ceux qui sont morts pour les terres charnelles*. There is a mood that responds with bitter irony to little Peterkin's question on the field of Blenheim, "But what good came of it at last?" and old Kaspar's fatuous reply, "Why that I cannot tell," said he, "But 'twas a famous victory." There is another mood that thrills to the winding of a horn from amid the copes of Roncesvaux. And both are right and true and good as transient impulses playing across the personality; but neither is true to the exclusion of the other.

Father Doyle allows, as is proper, for the first mood; where he goes off the rails is in refusing to condone the second. Or, to put it another way, it isn't so much what he is *for* one takes exception to, as what he is *against*. And, even more disastrously, he dishonors, in his rigor, certain mighty shades, chief among them, Vergil, Cervantes and Walter Scott, and belittles, by implication, and, in the instance of Cervantes, misunderstands and misinterprets, a quantum of the world's great masterpieces.

To take Vergil first, I should have thought that a more valid charging of great Mantovano would have been that he made his warring so unconscionably dull as measured against the hot immediacy of Homer's combats; actually, there is a shrewder grasp of tactical considerations in Shaw's anti-war farce, *Arms and the Man*, than in the whole twelve books that begin with the grave processional of *arma virumque cano*.

And yet Father Doyle can term that "gentlest nature of antiquity," Augustine's beloved *anima naturaliter Christiana* a jingo! I think that part of his misconstruction here lies in his considering *cano* a martial flourish on the crooked legionary trumpet. That is true, perhaps, of the regimental skirling in *Barrack Room Ballads*, where the little Japanese-looking Imperialist that was Kipling sometimes drummed up an absurd measure of heroics for some obscure Afghan border skirmish, though, to give Kipling his due, these same late nineteenth-century barracks poems show a sympathetic insight into the average soldier's mind, be he Tommy, *poilu*, or G.I., that is truer to the normal curve than the subtler perspicacities of a Karl Shapiro diagnosing the uncommon

soldier today. But it does not hold for elegiac Maro of the aching soul anguished by the tears that well up in the heart of things; *canto* is a musical notation for a gigantic symphonic score so distilled and abstracted and subtilized that Hotspur, who loved not music, might well cry:

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Bluff Walter Scott has other grounds for a libel action. Disqualified by his lameness from an orthodox military career, this most military of men could not say, with Aeschylus, who fought at Marathon and Salamis, that the long-haired Mede had felt the weight of his good soldierhood. Few writers can, though the list grows longer since the day Belloc gained a meed of uniqueness by serving a military stint in the Vosges with the French artillery; but it is not always a question of lack of inclination or of sheltering "under the bed," as Father Doyle implies. Fate orders this as well as other things; she decreed, for example, the fantastic avoirdupois that thwarted Gilbert Chesterton's frantic efforts at enlistment in the last war, efforts which one newspaper artist caricatured under the caption: "G. K. C. Tries to Sign On As Powder Monkey in His Majesty's Navy."

Father Doyle praises Cervantes—it seems to me, for the wrong reason. "Cervantes, a seasoned veteran," he says, "wrote his masterpiece for the fell purpose of destroying the rage for the chivalric romance, and succeeded." It is true that was his initial intention, and the Spanish cycle of romantic absurdity lapsed with the success of *Don Quixote*; but "forever" takes in a lot of territory, and England, France and America, if not Spain, have had their cycles of the same in one form or another many times since. And, in a broader sense, did or did not destiny play an ironic joke on Cervantes as it did on Swift for *Gulliver*? Or did he, as happened to Dickens with *Pickwick* and Lewis with *Babbitt*, see the light in quarter-career and surrender to the deeper values in his own creation, thus ending as the only warrior ever to be unhorsed by the Caballero of La Mancha in all his chivalric lifetime, though many of us have fallen victims to his blundering lance since? In any event *Don Quixote* is become the very emblem of lost causes since; Chesterton's "lean and foolish knight" of *Lepanto* is surely something more glorious than a mere butt for anti-chivalric satire.

Speaking of Chesterton, whose contours suggested Sancho Panza to a London caricaturist as Shaw's did the complementary Quixote in the same picture, makes one think, by a natural transition, of that lean but never hungry vegetarian squire, G. B. S., whom Father Doyle justly describes as "the most destructive critic of the romantic ideal of war." A very bellicose pacifist, however, this doughtiest fighter of our age in a brawling, flailing, knockabout Donnybrook Fair way. It is significant to remark, nonetheless, that what, from certain points of view, may be described as three war plays, *Saint Joan*, *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *The Devil's Disciple*, are certainly not inferior to the anti-war squibs of those very excellent japeries, *Arms and the Man* and *Major Barbara*; and, in his last published volume, *Everybody's Political What's What*, Shaw himself confesses to an enthusiasm for the swinging lines of *Lepanto*.

Shaw's way is the way of pure realism: Chesterton's of glowing romance; both are good and both are true. There is a romantic attitude and a realistic attitude; there is a romantic truth and a realistic truth; and neither necessarily invalidates the other. In the realm of essences, it is one of the major glories of the Christian tradition to have made possible the romantic attitude, to have pitted Roland and Lancelot against the North Sea pragmatists who used to go a-viking for plunder alone, and not for any such vaporish

chimeras as Grail Quest or Crusade. The old pagan stoicism has its splendors and merits, as in the saga defiance of Maldon: *Thought the harder, Heart the keener, Mood the more, as our Might lessens*. I will not gainsay that. It is when the two essences combine in sentimental hideousness that we get the operatic falsities of Nazism.

But not when he parades the inconsequential half-truth of the "non-combatant origin" of "all the national epics that glorify war as a noble occupation," or the fact that "practically all" of "reputedly great literature that glamorizes war" was "created by writers whose experience of war was nil, even less than Horace's." We do not know one way or the other, of course, about the *Song of Roland*; the unknown creator, whether he be the Turolus whose name is affixed to the manuscript or not, was most likely a monk; but he may have been a warrior cleric like Turpin. However, let that pass. So far as the general indictment is concerned, to use the impudent vernacular: so what? Three illustrious amateurs have been instrumental in helping to arrange the allied strategy in the present war; Herr Hitler never rose above the rank of non-commissioned battle orderly in the last. Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman's lay status does not deter our current American staff from poring avidly over his histories of the Civil War. And, contrariwise, most of the great professional captains are not writers for the simple reason that they cannot write. Writing and soldiering, on the professional level, are full-time jobs.

War is an ugly thing, evil spawn of man's ancient enemy, death. The Prince of Peace recognized its universality in time when He said He came bearing not peace but a sword. Augustine and Milton, in a blaze of insight, saw it as a fact of cosmic experience having its inception on the ramparts of Heaven itself where yet "frowning and forefending angel-warders squander the hell rook ranks." But, as in the case of death and death's dark sire, Lucifer, we do not deny those horrors a certain scarred grandeur, a certain fallen archangelic magnificence, so, too, it should be in the matter of this apocalyptic scourge. So, too, it should be when men can find it in their hearts to make gallant mock of these foes, as some of the world's peoples have been able to do through history.

I wish I had more time to remonstrate. I should like to recall, for one thing, how one of the two main differences singling out Gerard Manley Hopkins from his great congener and adversary, Whitman, is the Jesuit's love of the soldier spirit; for another, that war may be "production" nowadays, as is pointed out, but mechanized terror, only sets off in higher relief the heroism of the men who wage it; that the traducers of war too often end by traducing the warrior; that you may validly indict the romantic view of war only if you are prepared to go all the way and indict the romantic view of life; that one may love fighting and hate war, as English and American letters do in the main and as German letters do not; that we should be the poorer without Romance, which Chesterton defined once as a union of warring and wooing; that we were lucky Rome, whose very name gives us Romance, vanquished the Carthaginian worshippers of Bel, for Christian men must needs prefer the triumph of cleanly pagan Lares and Penates over the obscenities of Moloch; that, at the risk of offending the *New Yorker's* Department of Hungry Critics, I'll eat my mortarboard if last war's cycle of disillusion recurs, and if we aren't in for an era of epic covering 1914-1946, or thereabouts. Old soldiers grow romantic, like the sentimental Major in *Peter Ibbetson*; a minority remains embittered, carrying a trauma of horror to the grave; of the dead we know nothing.

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BOOKS

RUSSIAN REVELATION

ONE WHO SURVIVED. By Alexander Barmine. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75

IN JUNE, 1937, when he fled in haste from his post as *chargé d'affaires* of the Russian legation in Athens, Alexander Barmine broke definitely with his Bolshevik past. Had he stayed on and accepted the invitation to go aboard a Soviet warship at anchor in the harbor, his fate would have been that of the hundreds of generals, high ranking officers, industrialists, diplomats and statesmen who were shot or disappeared during the Moscow treason trials of 1937-38. It mattered little that Mr. Barmine had spent the intervening years since the Russian Revolution in serving the Army, the Foreign Office and Foreign Trade Department, in addition to being a Party member in good standing. At the moment Stalin, at last disillusioned at the failure of the Five Year Plan, did not relish the presence of any important veterans of the Lenin-Trotsky government. They might inconveniently recall the original ideals of the Revolution and thus prove a threat to the new totalitarian regime.

The disastrous results of the purge were evident to the world during the first year of the German attack, when the absence of the military and industrial leaders, liquidated as ideological heretics and Trotskyites, was keenly felt. That the author escaped both the purge and the disaster was due to his flight to Paris, where he secured police protection and a job as a mechanic. Later he sought a new home in the United States, which he is now serving as a soldier.

This intimate account of Russia's domestic and foreign affairs from the days of the Provisional Government is not primarily autobiographical but is offered as a frank statement of the progressive failure of the Socialist experiment. Not to compromise the military efforts of his beloved Russia and of the Allies, the author refrained from previous publication of the factual evidence which supports his thesis. In comparison with this detailed exposé the books of Arthur Koestler and of William L. White, revealing as they are to the uninformed, are but mild indictments.

None but a high-placed Party member and government administrator, with foreign travel, business, and diplomatic experience enabling him to make comparisons, could have marshaled the facts and interpreted them as has Mr. Barmine. For the questioning, many of the details can readily be verified in the usual sources of information on current events. But fellow travelers and non-Russian Communists will not be satisfied. In their unreasoning devotion to the Party line, which Stalin encourages for political reasons, they will attempt to shout down their former comrade's testimony. In sympathy for the Russian people, others of a more pacific nature will denounce the book as untimely and a threat to the peace. The truth is that we are fortunate in having at this time such a picture of the Russia which will sit with us at the peace table.

Of especial importance to sociologists and students of politics and economics are the conclusions drawn in the Epilogue. With his account of the facts completed, Mr. Barmine points out their significance. First, he claims, the experience of the Soviet economy and the Stalin regime is a refutation of two basic assumptions of Lenin's social theory. These are that a collectivized economy results in higher production, and that it is the workers who will benefit by the increased output. The truth is that private productive property and exploitation of man by man are two distinct and separable entities. In Russia they actually are separated; private property is gone but exploitation remains. This, Mr. Barmine says, is a warning to advocates of complete governmental planning. Private initiative and competition, controlled where necessary by a socially progressive government, are two conditions in preserving a democratic existence.

The second important conclusion of the author is that the part played by Russia in World War II is closely connected with the purge of 1937-38. Stalin liquidated all possible opponents of his totalitarian ambitions, but in so doing he emasculated the army which was years in the building, and negativized Russian industrialization and development of

natural resources. The attempted appeasement of Germany was but a prelude to Hitler's assault on the weakened Soviet fortress. Forced into the war on the side of the Western democracies, Russians fought for their fatherland and with the help of Lend-Lease built a new military machine that aided Hitler's defeat. But that fact is no safeguard against future Soviet opportunism. Stalin's cooperation with the United Nations does not hinder foreign Communists from causing unrest in their native countries to the aggrandizement of Soviet—and incidentally Stalin's—power. In dealing with a situation like this, the author assures us, a policy of appeasement is a fatal mistake. WILLIAM J. GIBBONS

FIRST AMERICAN SAINT

TOO SMALL A WORLD. By Theodore Maynard. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

TO READ the life of a Saint and find therein frequent references to places like Fifty-Ninth Street, New York, and Lincoln Park, Chicago, is a new experience. Too often, I fear, we think of the Saints (when we do at all) in absolute and artificial isolation from the culture and customs of the contemporary civilization that, humanly speaking, formed them. Still more often, perhaps with our mind's eye on Joan of Arc with her sheep or on the Little Flower in her cloister, we are inclined to set sanctity in a pastoral, placid framework. Mr. Maynard's very readable biography of Mother Francesca Cabrini comes as a vivid, present-day reminder that even urban civilization, even this age's great cities, which are, generally speaking, not exactly cities of God, can be the soil and furnish the occasion for high sanctity.

Mother Cabrini's life, from her birth in Italy in 1850 till her death in Chicago in December, 1917, was an astonishing saga of travel, organization and unremitting work for the good of souls. Imbued from her early youth with a desire for work in the mission field, her vocation was apparently forestalled at the very start. Through a strange series of events, however, she found herself under the personal jurisdiction of Pope Leo XIII and launched, at his request, on work in the United States for the unfortunate Italian immigrants. This beginning with the poor, which the Missionary Sisters have espoused zealously ever since, led naturally into many other fields of endeavor, so that, even before the death of their saintly foundress, hospitals, academies and higher schools of the Order had literally begun to encircle the globe. The mere list of the countries which Mother Cabrini visited and in which she personally established foundations, reads like the battle-roster of the Marine Corps, and indeed she engaged in no less crucial struggles against spiritual neglect, ignorance, disease, social inequality and sordid poverty.

One most admirable feature of Mr. Maynard's work is the light he sheds on the plight of the Italian immigrants in this country at the turn of the century. If one would prefer to read this book not as a study of the working of God's grace on a delicate soul, but as a practical treatise on the civil benefits that flow to society from the true democracy of the Gospel, he will find the story well sketched here in the rise of the once despised Italian immigrants to the present status their countrymen have in Church and State. That Mother Cabrini played a giant's role in this emergence is attested to not merely in the pages of this book; it was acknowledged publicly in her lifetime even by the anti-clerical leaders of her native Italy.

For all the stimulation to be gotten from Mr. Maynard's labors, this biography is not definitive. It is not meant to be more than an introduction to a champion of God in our times. For one thing, there is very little on Mother Cabrini's interior life; again, too little use was made of her journals: what few quotations there are are charming in their simplicity and serve to reveal the flavor of her union with God more clearly than pages of explanation.

Mother Cabrini died a naturalized American citizen. More than that, she was American in many senses. Perhaps the author has summed it up quite well when he says:

If Americans think of themselves as specially gifted with the

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THE Random House two-volume Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas is not out of print, as I erroneously stated in my June 9 advertisement in America. The second printing will be available in January 1946. Edna M. Walter, Book Finding Service, 436 Columbus Ave., Boston 16, Mass.

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faculty of getting things done with the utmost despatch, then Francesca Cabrini—whose life might almost be described as a quiet whirlwind—was the most typical of Americans.

But at the center of the whirlwind and the source of its dynamism, was a great peace which is perhaps not typically American. Twentieth-century, urban, American saints like Mother Cabrini can help bring it to us.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

NEITHER SCIENCE NOR FAITH

THE AUTHORITARIAN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE EDUCATION. By John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Arthur E. Murphy, etc. King's Crown Press. \$2.50

ONE NEEDS TO READ only a few of these papers from the Second Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith to see that the sponsoring group is suffering from both an anxiety neurosis and a deep-seated confusion of ideas.

It is worried over the public attention aroused in recent years by the attempt to reorient liberal education in the United States. Responsibility for this attempt is put on President Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer Adler of Chicago, Mark Van Doren of Columbia, the St. John's, Annapolis, spokesmen for the Hundred Great Books and the broadcasters of Education for Freedom, Inc. The Conference is worried, too, over the renewed interest people are taking in religious beliefs and practices, and in relating religion to democracy, education and the social life of the nation. Msgr. Fulton Sheen, Jacques Maritain, Thomas Woodlock and Father Gannon of Fordham are added to Hutchins & Co. as parties mainly responsible for this second worry.

Alack and alas! these men, all of them, are dogmatists and "reactionaries" of the worst stripe; they dominate the authoritarian attempt to capture education. And so the need of this "thundering rebuttal of authoritarianism in education, written by men who cannot be ignored and who will be heard." The thunder rolls from John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Arthur E. Murphy, Irwin Edman, *et al.*

Only occasionally, however, does an illuminating flash of lightning accompany the thunder. By and large, the sponsors of the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith are neither very scientific nor very democratic. This is shown in their disinclination or inability to report the real beliefs of those whom they oppose: as when, for instance, Hutchins' emphasis on the intellectual disciplines is put down as a piece of philosophic dogmatism, and as when the Hundred Great Books program is made to rest upon a doctrinal base or educational philosophy which is entirely lacking at St. John's as well as at Chicago. This misinterpretation of fundamental positions eliminates the possibility of a reasonable critique of an opponent and reduces disagreement to name-calling.

More marked still is the confusion which participants in the Conference show in regard to "freedom" and "democracy." To take freedom first. Sidney Hook states that "those who believe that science, democracy and education—all three—must get their directions from supernatural religious beliefs" are a "challenge to free minds." The argument is that believing minds are not free minds and are therefore an obstacle to that freedom which is presumed to be the life of democracy. It were perhaps unavailing to suggest to Mr. Hook and his confreres that the believing mind is the free mind—freed from the one preoccupation of trying all the days of its life, and in vain, to find God and to grasp the deep things of God; freed by belief in the revelation of God on the authority of God to use its fine intelligence in understanding what it has accepted on faith and in searching out the mysteries and miracles of God's creation by means of science, philosophy and the arts. "The truth shall make you free!" God is truth, and so finding Him by faith makes us really free.

In the First Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith, revelation and supernaturalism were rejected. As substitutes, the Conference named democracy as its faith and the scientific spirit as its ritual. The Second

Conference went on attacking revelation and supernaturalism, and continued to misunderstand democracy. The conferees were very angry at Mr. Thomas Woodlock for saying, equivalently, that their man-based democracy was nothing but totalitarianism in disguise. But Mr. Woodlock was only arguing by the book. Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence proclaimed that all men were *created* equal and endowed by their *Creator* with certain *unalienable* rights. If man is to have unalienable rights and these are given to him by the Creator, then there must by the necessity of the situation be a law beyond the power of the state to change.

Briefly stated, you cannot have unalienable rights without admitting an eternal law. A democracy posited on a denial of an eternal law and an eternal Lawgiver subjects our rights and freedoms to the whim of the state, and that was the philosophy of the totalitarian regimes. It seems to be the philosophy of the Conference.

A number of the papers delivered at the Conference are not concerned with the particular philosophy of the sponsoring group. These are on free communication through the press and radio, the social responsibilities of scientists, and vocational education. The final paper, however, which deals with the teaching of dogmatic religion in a democratic society, betrays all too clearly what the group means by Democratic Faith. It means restricting the freedom of those who would teach a dogmatic religion. The question is raised (page 133) as to "*what conditions of freedom to teach democratic societies can wisely grant to groups rejecting the relevance of human criticism to any of their dogmas and pushing claims to preeminence or exclusive religious authority.*" The answer given by Mr. Horace L. Friess, and seconded by discussion leaders in the Conference, is that such freedom to teach dogmatic religion must be rigorously controlled, since in the last analysis it is "harmful to the particular temper which the term democratic suggests." This threat of the Conference leaders is either a dangerous invitation to political action against the freedom of religious bodies or a sign that those who made it are using bluff to cover up their sense of fear and frustration.

ALLAN P. FARRELL, S.J.

PREKASKA'S WIFE. By *Helen Wheaton*. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

THE EYES of the world have been focused on the Aleutian Islands since the war, and the future of aviation will make all that northern country even more important. Therefore, Helen Wheaton's information in her informal account of life in the Aleutians in 1934 is timely as well as interesting.

Prekaska is the Aleut's name for Storekeeper, and the natives preferred to call Mrs. Wheaton Prekaska's Wife. Helen was a school teacher in New Mexico when she met and married Thornie. Thornie was a blue-fox farmer and trapper and planned to make his fortune in that valuable commodity, so when they married, they went to Atka, a small trading-post in the Aleutians, and there they lived for a year.

While Helen's own reactions to everyday living reveal the unaccustomed life for her, she manages to give a clear portrait of Thornie (in parentheses mostly), who is completely enamored of that primitive country. Thornie wants every one to be enthusiastic about the Aleutians and urged Helen to write of their experiences in the north. It is an amusing and adventurous story and, while she is seldom serious or statistical, the reader gets an intimate picture of an unfamiliar land.

CATHERINE MURPHY

REV. WILLIAM J. GIBBONS, S.J., recently appointed to the AMERICA Staff, follows with special interest the problems of social security, especially the agricultural and rural-life movements.

CATHERINE MURPHY, of Los Angeles, is one of AMERICA's veteran reviewers. She is particularly interested in reviewing in the field of travel literature.

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THEATRE

SHOOTING STAR. A recent item in the radio column of my favorite newspaper referred to Orson Welles as the "former Wonder Boy." I wiped my glasses and read the item again. Yes, it was right there in black and white, the nasty word "former," as conspicuous as fish on Friday.

Former is a terrible word. It implies that its subject has become as defunct as last year's calendar, yesterday's newspaper or an expired ration stamp. It does not mean, merely, that an artist has retired, or grown old, or stopped to rest. Nobody ever refers to Shaw as the former dramatist, Dreiser as the former novelist, or Charlie Ruffing as the former Yankee pitcher. An artist had better be dead than former. It is doubtful that any English professor has ever been so precise in his English that he has instructed his students to ponder the works of the former Ben Jonson, the former John Keats or the former Francis Thompson. Only the intellectually deceased, the spiritual cadavers, are relegated to the realm of former. And here, a maverick newspaper man casually observes that Orson Welles has gone down, down, down to the limbo of creatively dead men.

My memory goes back to the time when the Great Welles first flashed across the theatrical firmament, scorching the sky like a fantail star, causing a larger, or at least noisier, excitement than Halley's comet. Everything he did was tops; his casual words were pearls of wisdom; there was tremendous interest in the gal he currently loved. To have suggested that a day might come when his name would be bracketed with the adjective "former" would have been an act of sacrilege, like thumbing one's nose at a gold-star mother or spitting on Liberty Bell.

My theatre money was rather sparse in those days, but, by skipping an occasional pork-chop, I managed to amass the price of a balcony seat for a personal view of a Welles' production. It was something one just had to do, regardless of sacrifice. The play was *Julius Caesar*. It was a good Caesar, I think the best I ever saw. The cast was in modern dress, with the consul who wanted to be king resembling Mussolini, Mr. Welles playing Brutus. He was a rather youngish Brutus, I thought, but he had a noble physique and a magnificent voice. He still has a magnificent voice. The only voice that compares with his is Paul Robeson's.

Now a random columnist feels privileged to refer to Welles as the former, etc. I have always assumed that Welles was a fixed star in our theatrical sky, destined to shine permanently alongside Marlowe, Mrs. Siddons, Edwin Booth and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. That he should turn out to be a mere shooting star is astounding. Unbelievable. I must investigate this thing.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

ANCHORS AWEIGH. Do not allow the title of this picture to fool you into thinking that it means serious entertainment, for here is one of the gayest, most frivolous bits of summertime diversion that has hit the screen this season. This grab-bag of mirth, music and dancing is guaranteed to chase away the warm-weather blues and send you out of the theatre chuckling over the antics of the gobs on leave in Hollywood. Gene Kelly literally walks away with things in his impersonation of the "ship's master-wolf," when he isn't indulging in some of his unique terpsichorean art. As his shy pal, anxious to take lessons from the master and playing second fiddle to him, Frank Sinatra is delightful. There is never a dull second during the pair's shore leave, when they meet Kathryn Grayson, a movie extra, and the wise guy tries to do a John Alden for his timid friend. Things end up happily for both while the audience is treated to many delightful interludes. The charming *Tom and Jerry* number reveals Mr. Kelly dancing in a cartoon, and there is the colorful Mexican sequence where his small partner proves a novelty. José Iturbi has quite a part in the comedy and entertains generously with his music, while Miss Grayson's vocal numbers are a treat. Like so many films these days, this offering is too long; however, one almost forgets that because of its sparkling ingredients. Take the whole family to this. (MGM)

ON STAGE EVERYBODY. Somewhere in its background is the idea of that radio show with the same name, where unknown aspirants to fame are given a chance to reveal their talent, but chiefly this is a feather-weight musical built around stagefolk's loyalty and devotion to their profession. Jack Oakie is the old-time hoofer who has no tolerance for such new-fangled things as radio; Peggy Ryan is his daughter. Need I tell you that a change of heart hits the old die-hard and so provides an opportunity to present the radio show? There are songs a-plenty and there is some pleasant dancing by Miss Ryan and her partner Johnny Coy, all set to a pace lively enough to hold the interest of all the members of the family. (Universal)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. Musicals seem to hold the stage this week, and the last one proves to be of more or less run-of-the-mill variety. Joan Davis and Jack Haley are the Scandals entertainers who have trouble overcoming family objections to their marriage. Scattered through their comedy are tuneful bits, with Gene Krupa featured in some. The taste of one of these drum numbers is questionable; however, adults who are satisfied with mediocre musicals may find some diversion in this. (RKO) MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

(BILL, a taxi man, sitting in his cab reading a letter from Harry. Harry, to restore his wife's health, had moved to a small town).

Bill: (reading): "jooli the 3, 19&45 . . . deer bill: ime pleased by your nise letter . . . is wonderful to here from the big burg . . . sum peepul rite letters in no time at all but me it takes lotta time but i gotta rite you seein you rote me . . . bill you ask how ime doin here . . . well, the wife likes this little burg and ime sorta getting used to it . . . is nice in sum ways . . . wun thing here bill that nox you for a row is trees . . . everywhere is trees . . . you walk on street—is trees . . . you look outa window—is trees . . . you sit on porsh—is trees . . . another thing here bill is flours . . . in middle of street—is flours . . . hangin all over howses—is flours . . . ime not layin it on thick bill . . . i want you should cum down and visit me and see i aint . . . wont cost you a sent bord and you eat all you want of what we get witch aint much. . . . nacherly everything aint perfek . . . there aint no taxis an i miss you and the taxi boys . . . i miss the cops i used to bull with . . . only two cops here bill wun for day wun for nite . . . just befor i arrive the nite cop caught the day cop robbin a house so they hadda get a new day cop . . . at first peepul here wudn't talk . . . they was hard to thaw out

. . . we got to know them in a funny way . . . wun mornin i wake up with my head stuck through the iron bars of the bed . . . i musta had a nite mayor and tried to jump headfirst through a window or something. . . . i cant get the head cleer an the wife runs out yellin for help. . . . soon the whole town is in the room sawin and hammerin . . . wun guy nicks my nek with a saw . . . the day cop pops in with a hammer and finelly busts the iron rods . . . this is the way we meat the town peepul . . . ice is broke and almost broke is my nek . . . i take bed bars off so now nite mayors wont be dangerous . . . only wun little church here an we think its ok . . . the wife never forgets yure the one who got me goin regular to Mass again witch i dont forget also . . . she keeps sayin whod a thunk a taxi driver wud be so relijyush witch is what i say two . . . we both say thanx bill . . . on the hole i think cops in the big burg is more relijyush than taxi drivers . . . the wife dont like to here this . . . she says was it a cop got you goin to church again or was it bill the taxi driver . . . shes rite bill . . . it was you . . . thanx . . . well bill i gotta draw to a close . . . i cant give any more time. . . . so long bill . . . best regards from harry. . ."

Bill puts letter back in envelope, picks up newspaper, starts looking over the headlines.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

ART

MR. TOMMI PARZINGER'S Viennese background, and his familiarity with the Wienerwerkstatt which flourished in Vienna in the early portion of this century, may have stimulated him to start his similar project in the New York area. Announcement of this new venture has just been released and his wide experience in design, as well as in the marketing of art products, suggests a combination of qualities essential to the success of his project. That, in short, is the establishment of an art colony and manufactory which will be devoted to the production and sale of a variety of art objects. As in the case of the Wienerwerkstatt, this should include furniture, ceramics, glass, fabrics and other kinds of usable and artistic things. Allied to it is to be an art school with that essential adjunct to art training, an intimate association between design and execution. These, unfortunately, are now departmentalized, and it is rare to find the artist of distinction who is also a craftsman.

While the prominence of the Wienerwerkstatt was notable in its day, the quality of its productions was limited by the fact that it was an outgrowth of the art movement called the Viennese Secession. This was largely dominated by the agreeable, but somewhat effete work of Olbrich and Hoffman, leading architects in the movement. The work would have been of a more virile character, in contrast, if it had responded to the influence of another distinguished Viennese architect, Adolf Loos, for his work pointed in the direction of the present, more realistic, art era. Current European modernism, as well as its American derivative, represents a combination of the building surface and mass simplifications of Loos with the more vital building organism developed by Frank Lloyd Wright in his plans.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to Catholics that this idea of art workshops is older than the Vienna institution. In back of it is an ancient Catholic tradition of similar establishments. In its best tradition this is a Benedictine idea, although one is apt to find traces of it in almost any religious community. The making of vestments by various communities of nuns is only one example. It is largely in Benedictine foundations, however, that anything exceptional in the way of artistic quality has been achieved, and their productions tend at times to suffer from stylistic repetition.

Miss Charlton Fortune's Monterey Guild is a venture of an allied artistic kind, devoted as it is to producing work of a superior type for Church uses. And Mr. Parzinger's own work in this religious field suggests the possibility that his projected art community may also further an end for which there is an increasing demand—a living Catholic art.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SPANISH RIDDLE

EDITOR: The following news item from *Religious News Service*, dated London, July 3, should be of interest to Catholics, especially those who have formed adverse opinions of General Franco.

General Francisco Franco, in a recent address to provincial religious counselors, thanked them for the part they were playing in the rebirth of Catholic Spain, according to a Spanish-language broadcast from the Vatican.

Franco and his adjutants recently made a special spiritual Retreat, and Retreats were also held for the staffs of all government ministries in various ministry buildings.

The Retreat for the army ministry was attended by 40 generals and all higher ranking officials, and Retreats were held in all 15 military academies or colleges. A Retreat for the Pamplona military command included 100 officers. After a Retreat at Madrid University, 5,000 students and professors went to Holy Communion.

Boston, Mass.

MARTIN P. HARNEY, S.J.

EDITOR: It seems to me regrettable from the historical viewpoint to read such depreciation of the book, *Brevísima Relación de la Destrucción de las Indias*, by Bartolomé de Las Casas, as was made by Ronald Baron in his article on *The Black Legend*. It is one thing to take into account the style of the time (even the title of the French edition of the book is, in the main, due to the artificial rhetoric of the seventeenth century. One needs only note the titles of other books of the epoch—in French, Italian and Spanish—to understand that it would be nonsense to give it a specific meaning) and the zeal of the Dominican Friar; but it is another thing to disparage the veracity of the book.

No one can deny that—since the time of Columbus—the practice of making slaves of the new-world Indians and bringing them to Europe was established by the Spaniards and carried on for a long time. Many of the accusations made by Las Casas were verified, some were found to be exaggerations, but none was found without foundation.

It is understandable that Protestants should have used Las Casas' book to attack the policies of Spain but it is not reasonable that the book of a Catholic Bishop be used against the Catholic Church. The Reformation did so because the Church in that period was linked with Spain in political and religious fields. (It is to be noted that the historical polemics of that time were useful to initiate the modern revision of history, which from the Catholic side began with the works of Cardinal Baronius.)

It is proof of the inferiority complex of many Catholic historians and polemicists that they, for opposite purposes, copy the Reformers by identifying the Monarchy of Spain with the Catholic Church or, in many instances, suggest that Madrid corresponds to Rome since the time of the Reformation. This is neither historically true nor religiously defensible.

Why didn't the Catholic polemicists use those pontifical documents which differentiate between, and sometimes oppose, Rome and Madrid? Why did they minimize the faults of the Spanish political system and magnify the political side of their Catholicism?

Ronald Baron presents the liberalism of the last century as in opposition "to the essentially Christian traditions of Spain." But were the so-called "Liberals" of Spain anti-Christian in asking Ferdinand VII to give them the Constitution of 1812? We must remember that the word "liberal" in Spain indicated the constitutional party while the absolutist party was called the *servil*. The Liberals demanded no more—even less—than was demanded by the Americans against British rule.

It was a pity that European Catholics of the time preferred to fight against the people's constitutional rights because of Rousseau, rather than defend them in the name of Nicola Spedalieri (a Sicilian priest, canon of Saint Peter's in Rome, when Pius VI was Pope) who wrote a book on the rights of man, or even in the name of Suarez or of Bellarmine.

Now it is the same. Many Catholic polemicists have preferred to defend Franco in the name of the Church rather than support the idea of Christian Democracy in Spain; because it is traditional to think that the political support of the Church by the monarchs is more useful, even necessary, than the moral support of the people.

I do not write this to deplore the historical studies on the "Black Legend"—far be it from me; I write to prevent a new "White Legend" that all made in Spain is one-hundred-per-cent Catholic.

Spain, though it is a Catholic nation, must not be confused with Catholicism, just as Ireland, Poland and Austria must not. The Catholic countries of the Counter-Reformation served in the hand of God as did other countries and nations. Their rulers often abused the Church and made many mistakes as well as doing good things. But the cause of the Church is above them.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LUIGI STURZO

Next week AMERICA will begin to publish letters received in reply to Mr. J. Church's article on Polish Americans—AMERICA, June 30, 1945.

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THE WORD

THE THOUGHT-PROVOKING thing in the Gospel of the Tenth Sunday after Pentecost is that both Pharisee and publican were undoubtedly telling the truth. The Pharisee was not lying when he informed God: "I am not like the rest of men who steal and cheat and commit adultery, or like this publican here; for myself, I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess." The publican, too, was telling the truth when he said, "I am a sinner" (Luke 18, 9-14).

At the same time he may also have been a saint. The two are not incompatible. In fact, a realization of sinfulness is a necessary part of saintliness. Sometimes we are inclined to raise the eyebrow at the oft-repeated assertions of miserable sinfulness that we find in the lives of the Saints. A holy man's insistence that he is a sinner, that he stands badly in need of prayer and penance, strikes us as silly or insincere. It should not. It is one of the differences between the Pharisee and the publican. The Pharisee looked at the rest of men, at the publican, and made comparisons. The publican looked at God and looked at himself.

He thought of God's goodness and his own little goodness, of God's wisdom and his own ignorance. He thought of God's generosity and God's graces and his own poor return for all that goodness; and he could not help saying in all sincerity: "I am a sinner." His saintliness, like all saintliness, is compounded of two things: very high ideals and a deep consciousness of his failure to attain those ideals.

"Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect," is Christ's command to us. As your Heavenly Father, not as your neighbor. "Learn of me . . . I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. . . . Love one another as I have loved you." The saint looks at those commands and all the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon on Calvary. He takes them literally and, knowing how far short he falls of the perfection of them, he cannot avoid saying and meaning, "I am a sinner." The very statement becomes contrition.

The saint looks at Christ hanging on the Cross for his sake, and he knows that anything he can do in return is pitifully small. The saint knows all the grace that Christ wants to pour into his soul; and even the high degree of saintliness he may have achieved through God's grace seems little in comparison with what he might achieve if he could give himself wholly to God. The saint may say a daily rosary, not to boast of having said it but to think of all it might have meant if he had said it more perfectly. The saint offers the Mass daily not in self-satisfaction but realizing that it could be a much more fruitful offering if he were better prepared, if he knew more about the Mass, if he could make his offering more sincere, more spotless, more generous.

There is another point to saintliness. Saint Paul touches on it in the Epistle to the Mass: "It is only through the Holy Spirit that anyone can say, Jesus is the Lord." All that is good in us is from God. All the good we do is done with His help and could not be done without it. Our physical strength, our mental powers, our spiritual energy are all from Him, our very life is His. To our own sheer credit we have only wrongdoing. "God, be merciful to me; I am a sinner." And yet, note this, never satisfied in my sin, never excusing my sinfulness, never despairing in my sin. In the Collect of the Mass we pray God to "multiply thy mercy upon us." In the Offertory hymn we tell Him, "In Thee, O God, I have put my trust." In that trust we go on our publican way, sinful, slipping, stumbling, but always recovering, always with the vision of saintliness before us, always onward.

And the Pharisee? Suppose we leave him to God? We would be missing the whole point of the Gospel if we should start looking for him in the circle of our friends. He is in us, in the lazy, mediocre part of us, in the conceited, self-reliant part, in the part of us that does good with a conscious air of doing good, in the part that looks around and criticizes all who do not and are not good in precisely the way we enjoy doing and being good. God knows we have trouble enough rooting the Pharisee out of ourselves without bothering with the phariseism of others. It is part of our sinfulness, the pharisee in us. So, "God, be merciful to me; I am a sinner."

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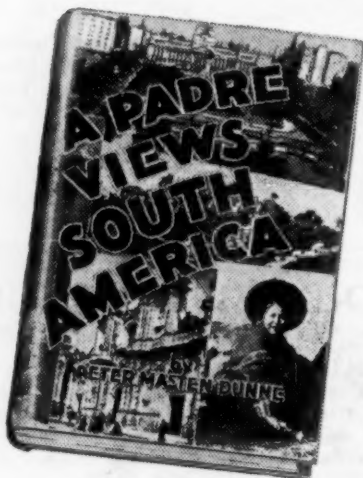
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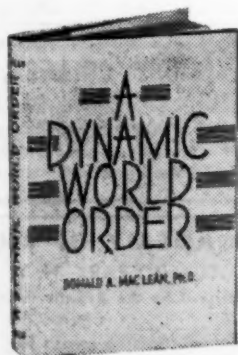
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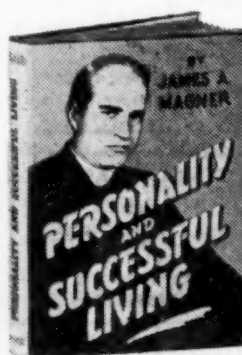
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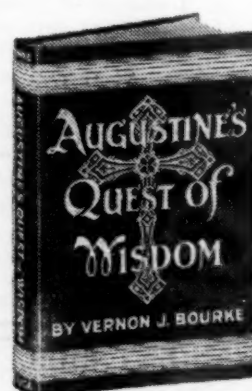
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